

GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

Published Weekly by

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

(The National Geographic Society is a scientific and educational Society, wholly altruistic, incorporated under the Federal law as a non-commercial institution for the increase of geographic knowledge and its popular diffusion.)

General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Contents for Week of November 17, 1930. Vol. IX. No. 18

1. Peshawar: India's Gateway City to Afghanistan.
 2. Tin Can Island Named for One-Man-Power Mail Bags.
 3. Ecuador: Where Eskimos, Jungle Indians or Temperate Zone City Folk Might Find a Homelike Climate.
 4. That Mysterious Tune—The Star-Spangled Banner.
 5. Camphor and Skull Collectors Compete in Formosa.
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AN ENTIRE FAMILY WORKING ON A CAMPHOR TREE

Few trees can rival camphor in value. An average tree, 12 feet in circumference at its base, will yield about 6,660 pounds, worth more than \$5,000 (See Bulletin No. 5).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

The Geographic News Bulletins are published weekly throughout the school year (thirty issues) and will be mailed to teachers for one year upon receipt of 25 cents (in stamps or money order). Entered as second-class matter, January 27, 1922, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 9, 1922.

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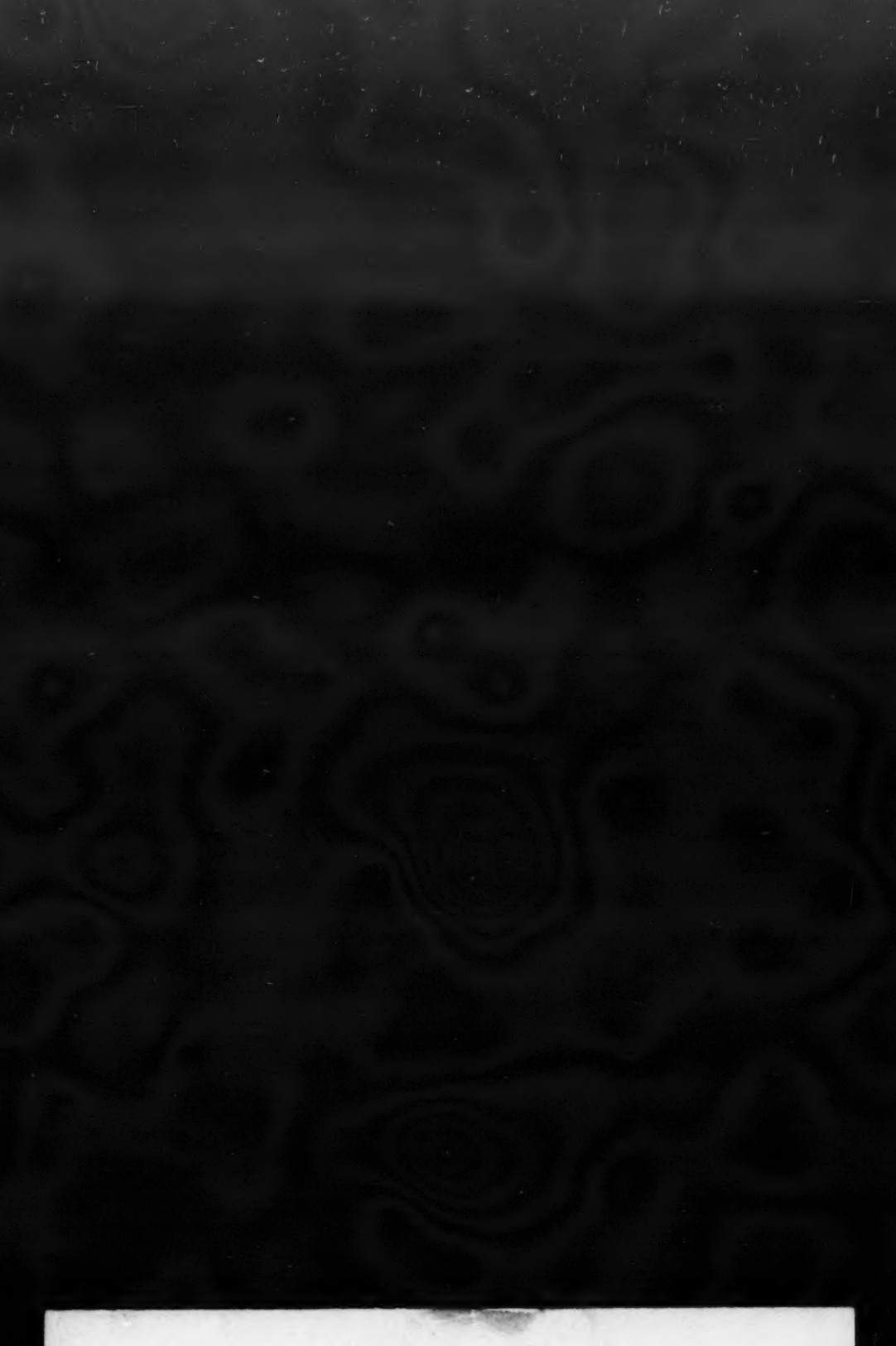
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Peshawar: India's Gateway City to Afghanistan

PESHAWAR, India, scene of government negotiations with warring Afghan tribesmen, has been for months the source of news from sequestered Afghanistan.

Capital and largest city of the Northwest Frontier Province of India, Peshawar has a strategic importance because it is the nucleus of most of the trade between India and Afghanistan—the trade that traverses the famous Khaibar (Khyber) Pass.

Peshawar is less than 200 miles from Kabul, the Afghan capital. It is surrounded by a brick and mud wall which has sixteen gates. The chief of these, the Kabul or Edwardes Gate, opens on Peshawar's leading business thoroughfare and widest street, the Kissa Kahani, or Street of the Story Tellers.

Camels, Bicycles and Autos in Traffic Stream

The traffic in the Kissa Kahani offers an endless pageant to the onlooker. Mohammedan ladies, riding donkeys astride, look like white ghosts in their all-enveloping veils. Caravans of camels march down the street, and figures that might have stepped from the Arabian Nights nonchalantly pedal bicycles. Tall, mustachioed Pathans drive horse carts in which the women of the family are ensconced, and occasional motor cars roll along beside turbaned, neatly uniformed soldiers on horseback.

The foot traffic is even more varied. Hawk-nosed Pathans, with their lungs or head scarfs tied so that one end is left flying in pigtail effect, stride along beside tall Rajputanis in brilliant turbans. Almond-eyed, mongol-faced Uzbeks from Uzbekistan mingle with indolent Persians from Shiraz. The keen-eyed Afriidi from the hills, with their bushy beards, contrast with the thin, dark Hindus from the south of India. Jews from Turkmenistan are distinguished by their distinctive coiffures of corkscrew curls.

Rows of shops line the Kissa Kahani. Above the shops lodgings are for rent and each topmost floor has an overhanging balcony. This street is paved, but the rest of the city consists mostly of unpaved squares and markets and narrow streets and byways.

Sherbets, Shoes and Sewing Machines

Peshawar's bazaars, which are famed through Central Asia, are found mainly along the Kissa Kahani. Waxwork cloth, ornamental needlework, knives and carved wood curios are special manufactures. In the shoe bazaar may be bought gorgeous affairs of ebony kid inlaid with gold in the popular upturned toe effect. The sherbet sellers sit in little booths and ladle out their delicacies while the venders of tea squat beside huge, steaming samovars. A perpetual din features the copperware bazaar where the workers sit all day hammering out trays, dishes, ewers, bowls, and other artistic and useful articles.

Among the customers one may see sophisticated city dandies with roses tucked under their turbans over each ear and their eyes darkened to accent their brilliancy. Povindahs, or traveling merchants, with their wares from Bokhara and Samarkand, mingle with the throng. Fakirs, filthy and diseased, mutter weird chants and beg for alms. A dark-skinned Madrasi will sell sewing machines

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A BUSY STREET OF BAZAARS IN PESHAWAR, INDIA (See Bulletin No. 1)

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Tin Can Island Named for One-Man-Power Mail Bags

NIUAFOU, alias Tin Can Island, to which astronomers recently traveled 7,300 miles to take sun eclipse snapshots for 140 seconds, is peculiar in many other respects than its name.

Like a vast angel cake in shape, Tin Can Island was formed when a volcanic peak, protruding from the blue waters of the Pacific, violently blew off its head and left only a hollow outer shell. On the shores of a peaceful tropic lake, which now replaces the molten lava and suffocating gases of its crater, a wise bird, the malau, lays large eggs in nature's incubator, the hot volcanic sand.

Water Everywhere, Only Rain To Drink

No springs or streams are found on the isle, so the natives must depend on rain water for their drinking supply. Neither are there harbors, for foam-flecked lava cliffs, rising abruptly from the ocean, surround the island with scarcely a break. A tin can, bobbing in the water offshore, pushed by a swimming native, to be picked up by a passing steamer, is the islanders' mail bag.

Niuafoou is one of the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, situated halfway between Samoa and Fiji in one of the most restless geological areas in the world. Stretching across the South Pacific, from Samoa to North Island, New Zealand, there is a huge fissure in the earth's crust. Volcanic islands, such as Niuafoou, strewn along this gigantic crack, act as vents for the potentially molten mass within the earth. The Jack-in-the-box Island of Falcon has popped up from the ocean's bottom at least twice, only to be washed and blown away each time by sea and wind. Only recently, it has made its appearance again in larger size, acting as one of these famous safety valves for the earth's mighty internal forces.

To passengers of steamers passing close by, the island looks like any other tropic isle, green with vegetation and coconut palms. Clean white houses and thatched native churches set in grassy lawns dot the hillsides. When wind and sea are quiet, landings are made in small open boats which are guided skillfully into a nook partly sheltered by fingers of lava flow. Such landings are dangerous and exciting, because the boats bob up and down with the incoming rollers and scrape against the steep, jagged cliffs.

Famed for Size of Coconuts

Narrow paths winding through the island are lined with citron trees and tropic vegetation. Native gardens of taro, bananas, and vegetables cover every tillable spot of land. Everywhere are tall, waving coconut palms, which produce the chief export crop, copra. Niuafoou is famed for the size of its coconuts.

No sale of land property is permitted in the Island Kingdom of Tonga, of which Niuafoou is a more distant unit. All lands belong to the state and nobles. When a young Tongan comes of taxable age at sixteen, upon payment of a nominal tax and annual rental fee he may apply to his local noble for the allotted 8½ acres of tillable land and a home site. This plot of land must be planted immediately with coconut palms. It can never be sold, but must be handed down to a succeeding generation on the death of the owner, or be turned back to the government.

Tonga is the last independent kingdom in the South Pacific and enjoys a free government, under the protection of Great Britain. At present Queen Salote, proud of her court regalia, is the ruler. Wearing a crown, a rich European dress,

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in a booth next to that of a swart Turkoman with a wholly Oriental stock of gold thread, precious stones, or sheepskin coats!

Women Assemble on Roofs for Recreation

There are few structures of architectural worth in the city. The mosque of Mohabbat Khan throws its tall minarets in relief against the sky and contrasts with the flat, monotonous roofs of the mud and brick houses. Many of the women, who are in purdah, or seclusion, escape to the roofs for their diversion. Only women of questionable social status need not veil their faces.

Education is not neglected in Peshawar, which has an arts college and four high schools. There is a civil hospital with four dispensaries and a free library for the foreign residents and the few Peshawaris who can read. The suburbs of the city, located to the southwest, are famous for their gardens in which are raised quinces, pomegranates, plums, peaches, limes and apples.

The Wazir Bagh or public gardens are located in the cantonments two miles west of the city. These cantonments form the principal military station of the Northwest Frontier Province. They contain a government house, barracks and other buildings.

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© Photograph by Haji Mirza Hussein

A CARAVAN IN THE KHAIBAR PASS

In the morning this pass is open to caravans going into Afghanistan, while in the afternoon the outbound camels have the right of way. Kabul and Peshawar are the terminal cities for most of the traffic through this lofty pass, one of the historic trade routes of the world.

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Ecuador: Where Eskimos, Jungle Indians or Temperate Zone City Folk Might Find a Homelike Climate

CUSTOMS reports from Ecuador, for the first nine months of 1930, show improvement in the economic condition of that South American Republic, with an export total equivalent to more than \$12,000,000.

Straddling the Equator on the Pacific side of the South American continent, Ecuador is slightly more than twice the area of North Carolina, with climates that would be agreeable to jungle folk, inhabitants of temperate zones, and Eskimos. The country exemplifies how altitude may counteract the effects of latitude.

Torrid Jungles and Snow-Capped Peaks

Torrid jungles and plains occupy the 100-mile-wide coastal zone at the foot of the western slopes of the Andes. Tropical jungles, inhabited by Indians, spread from the eastern slopes toward the Brazilian border. Above these are the valleys of perpetual springtime, while dominating the whole Republic are numerous peaks, some rising nearly 20,000 feet above sea level, that never doff their glistening snow caps.

Ecuador has not been well known to tourists. In the past, Guayaquil, its chief port, was unhealthful. But to-day, Guayaquil, lying 40 miles up the jungle-flanked Guayas River from the sea, is a healthful city of 100,000 people and a bustling commercial center in spite of the tropical sun which beats down upon its streets. And the river, once nearly deserted, is a perpetual parade ground for large ocean-going vessels, and native craft which bring Ecuador's products to Guayaquil for distribution to many parts of the world.

"Marble" Stucco Buildings

Guayaquil suggests wealth when viewed from the harbor. Many of the buildings along the quays and bordering intersecting streets appear to be lined with expensive marble. But here and there a cracked wall reveals the wood framework of these buildings and the thinness of the marble-like stucco that covers it.

Numerous rivers tumble down the Andean valleys, flowing into the Pacific. Only two of them, the Daule and the Guayas, are navigable for river steamers more than 60 miles, but in the wet season native boats can penetrate farther inland. Points 200 miles upstream can be reached on the Guayas, the principal stream of the Republic.

Gigantic Railroad Engineering Feat

Good roads are under construction, but automobile traffic has not yet displaced saddle animals and carts. Four hundred miles of railroad are in operation. There are three short lines running from small Pacific ports into agricultural regions; but nearly three-fourths of the steel rails in the republic connect Guayaquil with Quito, Ecuador's capital.

The construction of the Guayaquil-Quito road is one of the world's great railroad engineering feats. It was built by American engineers and began operation in 1908. In its 297-mile course it climbs to the lofty capital city nestling among the Andean peaks, nearly 10,000 feet above sea level. Trains run only in daylight. A stop is made overnight in Riobamba, a town of 20,000 inhabitants.

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and a large ermine-fringed cloak, whose train is carried by mediievally dressed Tongan pages, she makes a truly regal appearance when receiving state visitors.

The Queen is assisted in government by a prime minister, privy council and a parliament with a constitution patterned after Britain's. The chief difference between the British variety of parliament and the Tongan, however, is the fact that the latter consists of "nobles" whose ancestors originally were troublesome rival chiefs of a former king who won them over by granting estates and hereditary titles.

The Tongan natives are larger, have darker skins, are more intelligent and have a general superiority complex in their relations with neighboring Polynesians. Maidens have lovely voices and like to dance. State balls in full court costume are popular.

Prizes Are Pigs and Coconuts

It is said that there is no such thing as poverty in the Friendly Islands. Any man's relatives may come and live with him when he attains prosperity. Customs of the people forbid refusal of hospitality.

If one were a Tongan native, he would go regularly on religious days to an oval-shaped thatched church in which the congregation usually sit crosslegged on the floor, the men on one side, and the women on the other. Native ministers perform the services and have a great influence in the everyday lives of their flocks.

Games of all kinds are welcome. Many years ago, a visiting British cruiser introduced cricket. The natives became so fond of it that the contests continued for weeks, until the government restricted the playing of the games to certain days. Prizes for the winners in these contests range from coconuts and spears to pigs.

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FORMOSA NATIVES CARRYING WATER IN BAMBOO POLES

This practice illustrates one of many points of resemblance between the savages of Formosa and South Sea tribes (see Bulletin No. 5).

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That Mysterious Tune—The Star-Spangled Banner

PROPOSALS to use a part of Fort McHenry, in Baltimore, for a jail brought protests against such use for an historic shrine.

Nearly every schoolboy knows that the defeat of a British attack upon Fort McHenry was the occasion for writing "The Star-Spangled Banner"; but how Francis Scott Key's ode came to be set to the tune of a British song is yet a matter of controversy.

The melody has had an international history, from the time of its remote origin, which has even been ascribed by some to Ireland and by others to Germany, through its vogue in England 150 years ago, its popular adoption as the American national air, its employment by an Italian composer in an opera of Japanese life, down to a more recent refusal of a German conductor of a New England orchestra to play it in connection with symphony programs.

"It Can't Be Sung"—but Everybody Sings It

Another paradox about the tune may be noted, purely from an historical and not from a critical standpoint. Though many musicians aver that because of its wide range it cannot be sung easily, the general public has always insisted upon singing it. Long before it had any patriotic significance it was the "Tipperary" of its day in English taverns and coffee houses; and it had a vogue in the United States before Key fitted his triumphant ode to its rhythm, or before the actor, Durang, chose that tune for Key's words—according to which side one takes on that point.

Fort McHenry on Whetstone Point, Patapsco River, at the entrance to Baltimore harbor, is an historic shrine not only because it provided Key with an inspiration for his poem, but because that dawn of September 14, 1814, when "our flag was still there," marked an American victory of courage and consequence.

Three days earlier a small fleet of British vessels appeared off North Point, carrying some 6,000 veterans of the Duke of Wellington's encounters with Napoleon's troops. Gen. Robert Ross, their commander, had threatened to make his winter quarters in Baltimore even if the city "rained militia." After a land attack had been repelled and Ross shot, the fleet, under Admiral Cockrane, launched upon Fort McHenry a terrific bombardment which lasted through the day and night of the thirteenth. It suddenly ceased just before daybreak on September 14.

Wrote Poem on Back of Old Letter

A young Washington lawyer and poet, Francis Scott Key, had gone aboard Admiral Cockrane's flagship before the attack to negotiate for the release of his friend, Dr. William Beanes, of Upper Marlboro, Md., who had been taken prisoner by British soldiers. Key was courteously treated, but was held lest he betray plans for the attack upon Baltimore. Thus he had a point of vantage throughout the operations. When the firing ceased, and he beheld the flag of Fort McHenry, he scribbled hastily the notes for his poem on the back of an old letter, and, upon reaching Baltimore, revised them.

The words were printed in Baltimore, and they were first publicly sung at the Holliday Street Theater there to the tune which hitherto had been associated with a convivial song known as "To Anacreon in Heaven."

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In the afternoon of the second day, passengers are deposited at the Quito station. Prior to the completion of the railroad it took fifteen days to reach the capital by mule or afoot.

In Quito and in Guayaquil travelers find evidence of one of Ecuador's major industries—the manufacture of Panama hats which, in reality, are Ecuador hats. Forty-niners returning to the east by way of Panama bought hats made by the nimble fingers of Ecuadorean women and children and called them Panama hats. Many of the so-called Panama hats are made in Manabi Province, Ecuador.

Bulletin No. 3, November 17, 1930.



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OVERCOMING "MULISHNESS" WITH A BLANKET

The animal represents the "freight car" of the Andes. Exporters have to learn how to pack their goods when they are to be carried by mules, camels, llamas, and other pack animals. Compare the Andes transportation with that in the Khaibar Pass illustrated in the photograph following Bulletin No. 1, of this issue. To forestall trouble, the Indian drivers of the Andes frequently cover the heads of the animal with a blanket.

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Camphor and Skull Collectors Compete in Formosa

FIFTEEN hundred head-hunting savages of Formosa, officially Taiwan, recently killed scores of Formosa village dwellers in a series of raids, so the headlines say, and the news seems far away. Yet millions of Americans utilize a Formosa product when they have a cold or go to see a motion picture.

Of the six million pounds or more of pungent camphor the United States imports each year, about two-thirds comes from crude stills in the depths of Formosa forests. Ten years ago the Japanese, through their control of Formosa, virtually had a world monopoly on camphor. After the World War German laboratories began producing it and ate into Japan's market until the Japanese introduced new economies, enabling them to cut prices. More recently, France developed a synthetic process which enabled her to sell camphor from chemists' retorts.

Japanese Seeking to Quell Aborigines

Camphor collecting in Formosa is a hazardous trade. All outdoor work; chopping down trees, chipping chips, tending camphor stills—it seems as healthy as lumberjacking. And it would be if the Chinese camphor collectors did not lose their heads. Literally they lose their heads, because the camphor trees grow in the wild Formosa highlands where live the most dangerous of souvenir hunters. Not autographs, not nails from a famous house, not bits of cloth from a fallen airplane, but human heads these savages collect. Row on row of whitened skulls grin above their village doorways. Sometimes souvenir skulls form a frieze under the eaves of the pagan temples. It is this skull cult which has led Japan to assign armed military guards over the advanced camphor camps to protect the Chinese laborers.

Camphor Tree an Evergreen

The camphor tree is an evergreen, but similar in appearance to the linden. Collectors seek only the biggest: trees which are more than fifty years old with fat trunks as thick through as a man is tall. Once the camphor giant is down, the cutters attack it. Like beavers they gouge at it, using a crook-handled chisel with a curved edge. The cutters burrow into the trunk, chipping and chipping the heart wood until only the bark shell remains.

Meanwhile the chips are placed in a crude retort over boiling water. The camphor vaporizes and passes through a bamboo pipe to a vat cooled by water from a mountain spring. White camphor blocks from which camphor oil drains are produced. The yield is heavy. One tree of average size will give 6,600 pounds of camphor worth about \$5,000.

Monopoly in Formosa

Camphor collecting has been declared a government monopoly in Formosa since 1900. Not only does Japan control the methods of exploitation and the regions to be cut over, but also has arranged for the marketing of the annual harvest.

There has been an attempt to promote the industry in Florida. Camphor there is not the Rip Van Winkle crop it would seem to be, since the leaves and twigs of the growing tree have been found to yield the essential gum.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote a stanza sometimes used as a substitute for the third verse penned by Key, remarked that three short poems, each the best of its kind in America, were written in Baltimore. The other two were "The Raven" by Edgar Allan Poe and Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland." *

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* A complete pictorial-map survey of Maryland, a State especially interesting for its history, geology and distinctive industries, is contained in *The National Geographic Magazine* for February, 1927, which may be consulted in your school library or public library. Many Maryland schools use the article in that issue, by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society, for teaching the geography of their State. The article, accompanied by 88 illustrations and a folded map, is entitled, "A Maryland Pilgrimage: Visits to Hallowed Shrines Recall The Major Role Played by This Prosperous State in the Development of Popular Government in America." As the title indicates, the article also is of value in history and civics classes because it dramatizes early chapters of our government's formation.



© Photograph by Haji Mirza Hussein

MOST OF THE HOUSES OF AFGHANISTAN ARE CONSTRUCTED OF MUD-BAKED BRICKS

The roofs are made by spreading long rush mats over poles placed as rafters. Upon the mats is placed about 6 inches of mud. Bits of hollowed wood are set in the mud to serve as rain-spouts (see Bulletin No. 1).

Six million pounds of camphor is enough to dose many sick people in the United States, and protect many clothes from moths. That amount is more than enough for medicinal and wardrobe demands, in fact; the rest is used very largely in the manufacture of celluloid. When next you see your favorite movie star remember that camphor helped put him on the screen.

Bulletin No. 5, November 17, 1930.



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SAMPANS NEARING THE BUND: TAIHOKU, FORMOSA

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